

“I’d ask you if you think this is a good idea,” the lizardess sighed, “but somehow I have a feeling it’s not supposed to be, is it?”

To say that the cat’s grin was shit-eating would be the understatement of the century. The sheer amount of cocksuredness and enjoyment packed into that simple gesture made her want to deck the guy right in the nose so hard that it’d end up permanently flattened, but she knew better than to start something with so many customers already in the diner. Better to grin and bear it herself, even if she knew that it’d end up with her seriously embarrassed and unable to look anyone in the face after just a few minutes.

The premise itself was simple: the establishment needed some extra cash for renovations, so Valia’s manager decided that the best way they could get it would be by engaging in what he called a “growth drive”, something that he’d seen happen online to “great effect” and “large monetary recompense”, whatever that was supposed to mean. The lizardess herself wasn’t quite sure what to think of it, given that she wasn’t informed of what it was supposed to even do, so to walk into work that morning and be told what the specifics were... well, it was hard to say it was anything other than utterly embarrassing, but she was out of options unless she wanted to walk out and lose a cushy, suspiciously well-paying job on what was effectively a minor disagreement.

The “growth drive”, as it was so eagerly called by the large poster that the feline owner of the diner was getting busy plastering on the wall, would have one single rule with two effects: for every dollar left inside the tip jar, the lucky lizardess would have one pound added to her body and one inch removed from her clothing. Again, how exactly this was supposed to work, Valia had absolutely no idea, but she’d learned a long time before that when her boss told her to take a pill so that it could do something absolutely ridiculous, he absolutely *meant it*, driving up suspicion that the whole establishment was just a front for a money-laundering scheme and the real cash was coming from backstage drug deals; it would certainly explain why she was paid so much more than just about any other waitress she’d ever known.

Still, might as well just get it done with. Valia was convinced that this transparent attempt at capitalizing on other people’s horniness wouldn’t end up anywhere other than in complaints, so she was more than happy to go along with it under the assumption that nothing would actually happen to her; maybe twenty bucks or so before people inevitably began raising an eyebrow, nothing more. And indeed, for the first thirty or so minutes of her shift, no one really seemed to pay that much attention to either the poster or the very large and obviously-labelled glass jar on the counter; or, if they had, they certainly didn’t feel like being remotely generous and opening their hearts and wallets to the plight of the establishment they were within. For Valia, this was the best possible solution, as it both kept her decent *and* let her boss know that perhaps it was time to look for other, more normal forms of investment.

All good things must come to an end however, and so too did Valia's sense of calm end up disturbed when someone eventually decided that she'd done such a good job that she deserved a tip; it just so happened that they thought that on the way out, when a chance swivel of their head brought the growth drive poster into view for just long enough to capture their attention. From there it was a small step to them grabbing their wallet again and throwing a twenty dollar bill into the jar, then turning around, leaning onto the counter, and waiting for the change to happen.

Valia didn't really know what she was expecting. Every other experiment that her boss had run during her time there had been wildly variable both in terms of what it actually *did* and the sort of effect it had on her, both before and during the transformative processes: sometimes it was so pleasurable as to cause her to uncontrollably moan just to get the sensations out, while other times it was downright uncomfortable, even painful. More often than not though, it was an odd combination of a lack of actual feeling with the occasional sense that something was "off" without it being more specific, and that time wouldn't be any different; in fact, Valia didn't even become aware of what had happened to her until after she took down an order and the person she was talking to having their eyes move downwards towards her belly, at which point she sighed, ignored it, got through the request, and *then* looked down herself.

It was pudgier, that much was obvious; probably twenty-odd pounds, it certainly seemed like it. That wasn't the worst part though, no, that dubious honour belonged firmly to her work uniform, which had suitably decided that it should be much smaller, this despite the fact that the pill she took for the drive should not, by any means, be capable of affecting her *clothing*. And yet, the more she looked down at herself, the more she was forced to confront herself with the truth: not only had her work shirt ridden up her torso so much that it had already exposed some underboob, but her pants too were well on their way to becoming short shorts with how little they were already left covering. Honestly, all it would take would be another similar contribution for her to go completely naked, a simple piece of math that didn't evade anyone watching... and there were plenty of people watching, given how obvious the change was.

Didn't take long before someone got up from the seat, frantically searching through their wallet for anything they could spare; judging from how their eyes were bulging out, they were probably half a second away from just upturning the whole thing and letting its contents fall into the jar, triggering one hell of a stress reaction in Valia after she wondered what would happen if a credit card were to be placed inside. Would her body react by taking up the absolute maximum allowed? Would she actually drain the poor bastard's bank account and turn it into extra pudge? Stranger things had happened within the walls of that diner, and she didn't put it past her boss to do something as ridiculous and intrusive as that; if anything, the fact that he was being so restrained as to equate one dollar to one pound was the *exception* to the rule.

Thankfully, this was a question she wouldn't have answered, for this second donor found a rolled-up ten dollar bill and a few singles; they looked at them, then towards Valia, then up at the jar, before visibly gulping, letting out a short sigh, and then dropping the money in the jar in plain view of dozens of pairs of eyes, which had all been turned towards the lizardess now that the second contribution was given.

The hapless plaything, for what it was worth, had decided that, if she was to get nothing else, then she would at least hold onto her dignity: no moaning, no desperate cries for help or for hands to come "squish and squeeze" her, nothing of the sort that she'd already done so many times that it was probably just a matter of patience in order to find it somewhere online. No, instead, she dropped her clipboard on the nearest table, crossed her arms and glared directly at her boss, who was still there behind the counter smiling at her in a way that made it really, *really* hard not to run over and slap him across the face. At least this way she could tell when her clothes vanished, leaving her only with a bra and panties on that she was certain would eventually disappear when the next person got up to give her a tip, *and* got to feel as her bust received some of the extra weight she was given, though most of it still went down to her belly.

Now all-but naked in front of a whole diner filled with people of odd and often extreme tastes, it really was only a matter of time before the inevitable cascade of contributions began to rain down all around her; if nothing else, the only thing holding her back from turning into a blob was the fact that there was only *one* jar, thus creating... enough of a chokepoint. Not a good one, good *heavens* not a good one, but enough of one that she'd at least have some advance warning before her mobility was impaired, because given the sort of stares she was receiving, Valia was all-but certain that was exactly where she was headed.

It was strange. She'd had her tits grow, her ass, her hips, everything and then double-up again, her body in general to the point where she broke free of the diner and the whole thing had to be rebuilt, but never once had she seen those sorts of looks, those hungry eyes desperate for just a little bit more of pudge to be placed on her bones so that they could delight themselves with the sight. Perhaps it was unsurprising, given that they *were* inside of a diner known for its high-quality food, but for someone like Valia, who was far more interested in other aspects of her own body, it was a new experience that she had some trouble reconciling with everything that had happened to her so far.

Didn't stop the mob from getting up and heading to the jar though, nor did it do anything to the sudden bout of infectious generosity sweeping through their patrons when they dove into their pockets for spare change, be it in coins or bills or whatever else they had on hand; a few people were dropping what looked to be cheques and coupons, and given the sort of effect that outpour of contributions would have on her, it was quite likely that they had the exact same effect that real money would as well. Or at least, Valia assumed they did; it was about to get very

difficult to judge what actually took hold of her and what was just backlog being pumped into her body from seemingly nowhere.

It was hard to describe how exactly it felt to fatten up, mostly because it didn't really... feel like anything. The lizardess assumed that it would've triggered *some* sort of reaction in her brain or body, but instead it was just a slow, gradual process of her feeling heavier and increasingly unable to move as her body weight went constantly, unendingly up and all of that extra fat she was being given deposited itself about as evenly as it could on her frame. Though it had started with her belly, it quickly moved downwards into her ass and thighs, which went through a short period where they were far more shapely than outright *fat* before flying clear through that line and deep into dumptruck territory. Valia couldn't say she wasn't enjoying it, at least to some degree; it was always fun to be able to push her hands against her asscheeks and have them vanish completely into her soft scales and pudge.

This time, however, it wouldn't be a localized effect. As the contributions kept pouring and a few people actually left the diner to go retrieve money from the nearby ATM, so too did the jar's contents continue to reshape and mould Valia's body to better fit what her boss had in mind when starting that drive. After a measly five or so minutes from the first tip, she was already finding it difficult to move around at all, something she still technically *had* to do in order to take orders; after all, their customers were giving her a tip just to watch her grow, so it wasn't as if they'd just leave. No, they sat back down, calling her over so they could watch as she waddled towards them with increasing difficulty, her ever more numerous fat rolls jiggling and wobbling almost aggressively as they mounted in size and heft.

Valia herself was only vaguely aware of these changes, having decided *not* to look down for as long as she could avoid it; part of her might not have wanted those changes, but it was hard to deny that having so many people look at her so lustfully was having one hell of an effect on her arousal, even if the transformation itself wasn't doing *that* much, all things considered... or at least, that's what she assumed was the case. It was getting harder and harder with each step she took to ignore that little voice in the back of her head asking her why she wasn't paying attention to the way that her entire body jiggled like gelatin whenever she took a step, to how her belly had become so bloated that it had oozed over her waist and began to cover a significant chunk of her thighs, to the sizeable boost that her breasts had received thanks to all the fat being granted to her. The voice kept asking why she still tried, why she still attempted to push herself from place to place, when she was better served plopping that couch-sized ass of hers on the ground and just letting it *bloat* further, maybe use her hands to grope herself while she still could; judging by the sheer amount of fat folds she was developing, Valia would soon end up being unable to move her limbs at all, with them slowly becoming encased in their own heft and stuck jutting out of her as now-useless remnants of her former self. And, ultimately, the voice asked her why she was

thinking all of this and *not* letting it get to her head, because clearly, it was doing a good job of lubricating the inner half of her thighs; why not succumb? Why not start begging for more?

Well, for starters, she still had her dignity... or at least had convinced herself that she did, even after the continuous contributions gave her so much of a waistline that she became unable to move without having to anchor herself somewhere, and all it took was her trying to take a step without her hands holding onto something for her whole body to tip forward, land on the floor, and then proceed to roll around until she was flat against her back. Well, not necessarily “flat”, given the state of her body, but at least on a portion of her blob-like self that used to be a part of her back. The fact that she couldn’t actually get up without any help didn’t evade her, but still she held true to her belief that, ultimately, *she still had her dignity*.

Even when the sensations began to finally filter into her head, when the sheer weight of her body finally hit her, when the many overlapping folds of blubber started to press against one another in such a way that she couldn’t avoid trying to move them around with her hands, in the process growing somewhat addicted to the simple action of lifting whole chunks of herself that then plapped loudly on the way back down... what was she supposed to be thinking again? It was hard to think when so much of her surroundings was just meaningless noise, the hooting and hollering of a crowd who very clearly were enjoying what they were seeing, even if Valia herself wasn’t fully aware of what that something might be. Was it herself? Was it her ass, fattened up enough to start pushing against a whole wall of the diner and the window that made up most of it, giving everyone out in the street a perfect view of her rear? Was it her breasts, which rested oh-so-perfectly atop her colossal gut, so big that, even with some sag, they still made it difficult to see past them? Or was it perhaps her belly, that impossibly massive, gigantic, bloated, stretched-out blob of fat rolls and soft pudge jutting out from her midriff, spilling onto every surface, so warm that anyone getting even remotely close to it would start sweating profusely? Perhaps it was everything, perhaps it was her mere presence; she didn’t know.

What Valia *did* know was that she felt better than she ever had in months, far more than during any of her boss’ other experiments. Never in her dreams could she have expected something so ridiculous as being made fatter would feel so fulfilling, but there she had it: if she had a choice, she would absolutely go through the whole thing all over again, and again, and *yet again*, for as long as needed until she could remember nothing else about her life. To be this vast, undulating ocean of softness that jiggled endlessly with each motion that was squeezed out of her, a living bed of warmth that invited all those around her to jump on, to enjoy themselves, to forget about their lives for a short while and just appreciate the more self-indulgent things in life. Even when she felt her head bump against the ceiling, the lizardess couldn’t bring herself to think of anything other than how unbelievably *good* the whole experience was... something that her boss, clearly, was also thinking of.

He had vanished some time prior, which caused a slight bit of an issue once the tip jar was fully stuffed and yet people still wanted to contribute more. Were Valia still in control of her own mind, she might've found this odd, and the explanation as to why... concerning. But to her as she was then, consumed by size lust, the truth of the matter was nothing if not magnificent, because there was a very good reason why her boss had disappeared into the backroom.

He'd gone to get a second jar.